passengers perished? Was there any further danger? What was best to do?
"I will strike a match." said Erwing, "and climb out for an exploration."

He took a match irrou his pocket, and drew it across his knee. The crackling little fizz of ignition was followed by a loud, rasping sound. The section of the car beran to move. Although the striking of the match had only by chance accompanied this new disturbance, the coincidence made the noise and motion all the more appalling to the huddling group. They vaguely surmised that an extensive fall of rock was pushing along their remnant of the coach. It was certain that the six-wheeled truck under the was drawing its attached iron rods and broken timbers out of the barricade. The grating of metal and stone, the breaking of wood and glass, and the violent wrenching and shaking of the floor to which the bewildered persons fell, proved to them that something and detached their fragment of a vehicle from the wreckage. The noise was too great to permit the hearing of one another's voices. They could see mothing, for the match was shaken from Erwing's fingers. But it had shown him where his wife and sister were, and while he will did disloded tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock and the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock and the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the fall of dislodeged tons of rock and the fall of dislodeged tons of rock smashed the was pushing along their remnant of the coach. It was certain that the six-wheeled truck under it was certain that the six-wheeled truck under it was certain that the six-wheeled truck under it was drawing its attached iron rods and broken timbers out of the barricade. The grating of metal and stone, the breaking of wood and glass, and the violent wrenching and shaking of the floor to which the bewildered persons fell, proved to them that something had detached their fragment of a vehicle from the wreckage. The noise was too great to permit the hearing of one another's voices. They could see nothing, for the match was shaken from Erwing's ingers. But it had shown him where his wife and sister were, and while he made fast to them with his hands, he threw his legs around the bases of the seats, to which they also clung. Barlo and Adaman seized the first sold things that their hands touched. All lay in confusion and dismay.

lay in confusion and dismay.

They were quickly made aware that the wheels were going faster and faster underneath, and that they were not riding on rails, but were joining over an uneven surface and banging against rocky sides. It requires an experienced traveler to know in the dark whether his car is moving one wayer the other whether his car is moving one way or the other on the level, but it is easier to feel the descent of even a light grade, and in this case the indesoribable sense of downward movement asserted itself amid all the commotion. The
truck was going down an incline. It crunched
sand and pebbles, it swayed with the inequalities of the surface, it scraped along the rock, it
dragged the rattling ends of loose iron rods
behind, and it threw the occupants about in
spite of their desperate clinging, but nothing
checked more than momentarity the awful
acceleration of speed, and they could do nothing but prayerfully awnit such a deadly stop as
seemed inevitable. At first they were mentally
benumbed by the horror of their mysterious
transit, and their minds comprehended little
else than an instant expectation of being
dashed to death. But as seconds became of even a light grade, and in this case the inde



The Queen Discovers the Chariot. minutes, and the minutes did not bring a de-molishing disaster, they began to wonder as well as dread. Mrs. Erwing drew herself closer to her husband and kissed him tenderly. It meant goodby. But it had a rousing rather than a southing effect on the man. It made him resolve to do something instead of lying there incut and kripless.

"Bario!" he shouted. "Bario!"
"Helio!" was the response.
"I'm here, too," cried Adaman.
The din and the joiling made the words difficult to hear, although the speakers were almost heaved together. cult to hear, although the speakers were almost heaped together.

"Take hold of the ladies, both of you," Erwing directed. "Cling all together. I'm going to find out where we are."

After making sure that Dell and Lu were firmly gripped he struck a match. The air blew it out instantly. Then he crawled under the shelter of a seat and tried another. By its fifful fare he could discern nothing. What else was there to do? A lurch of the car threw him on his back, and he called to the women to sak if they were still there. Their answer con-

protested.

"But now we can control it," he argued.

"The brake will enable us to move as slowly as
we like and as fast as we dare. We have a
lamp here, but no oil to refill it, and we ought
to make the best use of its light during the
time it will burn. We have nothing to eat or
drink. That is another reason to hurry. I say
"All aboard"." drink. That is another reason to hurry. I say 'All aboard!''
A thorough inspection of the running gear of the truck was made, and of the brake apparatus. The lamp was fastened in front, and back of it was placed a highly polished panel from the once finely decorated interior of the car. By that device the headlight of a locomotive was imitated, very feebly, and yet with reflection enough to throw a mild illumination ahead. Erwing took his place at the wheel and the others grouped themselves on the platform. He cautiously 'cosened the brake and the wheels started. Then he applied the check sufficiently to let the car roll along down the passage very slowly.

the wheels started. Then he applied the check sufficiently to let the car roll along down the passage very slowly.

CHAPTER III.

A CHARIOT DESCENDED.

The tourists realized, in their cautious and perfectly controlled progress down the underground passage, how perilous had been their previously rapid descent. The stream that once poured through this natural tunnel had been so swift as to have made its way, in a remote time before the clay had become rock, in a remarkably undevious route; yet there were beens that there whe car hard against the outlet will mark the clay had become rock, in a remarkably undevious route; yet there were beens that there whe car hard against the outlet will mark the clay had become rock, in a remarkably undevious route; yet there were beens that there whe car hard against the outlet will be the clay had become rock, in a remarkably undevious route; yet there were beens that there where a summary the clay had become rock, in a remarkably undevious route; yet there were beens that there warreled at their escape, and, as they pesred eagerly into the darkness ahead, they crouched on the platform in nervous apprehension of disaster. The innate jollity of Liu Erwing, representing the volatile extreme of the party's hopes, was depressed into pouting fright, and the habitual gravity of Japet Adaman became an unfathomable depth of the hard rail that was still infact. Tom latio bad one arm around the door pout while he worked it. All leaned forward in their efforts to see further into the glound the food pour while he worked it. All leaned forward in their efforts to see further into the glound the harder than their slow who where the singer and their efforts to see further into the glound the harder than their slow worked it. All leaned forward in their efforts to see further into the glound the harder than their slow worked it. All leaned forward in their efforts to see further into the glound the harder than their slow worked it. All leaned forward in their efforts to see further into the

before yielding, and the roof as far back as is feet had root through the aperture before the feet had root that the feet completed the dismemberment. It has the individual the feet that the feet completed the dismemberment, it has the feet completed the dismemberment. It has a many here been well started toward innary before a state of the was a various and deep intentations on the fore corners and sides of the realism of the truck showed that it was not injured, while the spides of the was not feet original impact. The undine of the passage, so far as determined by walking 20 rods forward and back, was about one foot in ten, but the cryptovers had no means of knowing how bandry had been given by the continuous of the was a series of the walking of the care but which had trailed along the ground in the descent, had acted as a hindrance to the speed, as well as a subjury of the care but which had trailed along the ground in the descent, had acted as a hindrance to the speed, as well as a doubtless saved their lives.

"He was all we get out?" was an early question.

"I'll was a great many feet thick, and composed or an immense quantity of stone."

"Hesh." Erwing whispered; wo give the condition of the Akenorth-son and the was a great many feet thick, and composed or an immense quantity of stone."

"Hesh." Erwing whispered; wo give the was produced the Negro-Indian tribe with the was a great many feet thick, and composed or an immense quantity of stone."

"Hesh." Erwing whispered; wo give the produce of the first of the produce of the first of the fir

part of Adaman, and so habitually alert to anything comical, that she laughed outright at the spilling of the contents of the bag.

"O, he's lost his brush and comb, and who knows what all," she exclaimed.

"And who knows what all?" Adaman gravely echoed; "I do."

"You do?" Lu asked.

"That is—no—I don't." he prudently replied. They had reached the path, and Lu disengaged herself from him, except that she let him retain one hand for guidance. Barlo came last, carrying the empty bag.

"Was there anything valuable in it?" asked Erwing.

"I suppose not," Mrs. Erwing hastily interposed. posed. "No," Barlo added: "it's of no conse

The Akenorths met them at the foot of the

And the making were that bell and in, were bounded to the control of the control

ous heat crack the image? No. it slowly reddened, and then became a dull white. It was a veritable crucible, which the volcanic flame licked with its red tongue until, if the aged clay had been metal, it would have liquified and run down into the flery throat. Then Adaman thrust the ingots one after another into the inverted image, where they gradually became moiten gold, for the soft, unalloyed metal did not long resist the fire. As soon as this was accomplished, he cautiously pushed the idol off the fire-vent with a stick, but left it upside down until it and its contents were cooled safficiently to permit him to set it in its accustomed place on the altar. The "Gwantan" now had a golden lining, but the outside was unaltered. The man made his way back to his companions, among whom Mrs. Erwing only was awake, and she fell asied patter acknowledging with a smile his very dignified nod of assurance.

The sun was not much earlier than the Akenorths next morning, but the strangers were permitted to sleep as long as they would. Exhausted by both mental and physical stress, they slumbered soundly, and it was not until 9 o'clock that William Erwing emerged from the tepee. His companions were out soon afterwards. A breakfast was ready for them. It was so much like the previous night's supper that only the time of eating it made the difference in name appropriate. Old Chloe directed everything that was done, and accompanied her work with voluble talk. She mixed the adventures of the Akenorths with the rude service of the meal, and the most whinsical vagarles of her monomania with perfectly practical arrangements for the departure of her guests. Six ponies had already been apportioned by her to carry them to the railway. He knew the general direction they ought to take, and, venturing beyond their mountain refuge for the first time, the little tribe was to escort them a part of the way.

"But why provide six ponies to carry five of

first time, the little tribe was to escort them a part of the way.

"But why provide six ponies to carry five of us?" Erwing asked.

"Dat's one fo' one all 'roun'," Chloe explained, "an' one fo' de 'Gwantan'."

"Are we to take the image away?"

"Cordin' to de law an' de promise, yo's to hab de 'Gwantan'. Ef yo' didn't take it, de Laud knows we wouldn'n' dar go 'way f'um neah. 'Sides, chile, dar's a heap o' luck in de 'Gwantan', 'deed dar am—an' I guv's it all to yo'."

Land knows we wouldn'n' dar go 'way f'um neah. 'Sides, chile, dar's a heap o' luck in de 'Gwantan', 'deed dar am—an' I guv's it all to yo."

"Tm sure of it, William," Mrs. Erwing insisted; "the idol is yours—do you hear?—and all its good luck."

"Then thank you, Chloe," he said. "I insist on paying thirty dollars apiece for the ponies—that's the market price, and you will need the money when you abandon this sort of life—but I accept your gift of the 'Gwantan'. It shall have a place in my household, and if it proves a fetish to bring good fortune—"

"Nebber feah," the negress broke in. "See whad it done fo' us. Oh, you'll find luck in it, shuah, shuah."

"And I'll see that the good fortune is evolved from it," Mrs. Erwing remarked, in a low voice, and in words that only Adaman fully comprehended.

While the preparations for the borseback trip were going on, she found an opportunity to thank Adaman for his valuable services. "And whenever I can requite them," she added, warmly, "only let me know."

"I fancy, Mrs. Erwing," he responded, with an access of stiff gravity, "that I may wish to get your influence in a matter of—well—to be explicit—in a matter of the heart—in point of fact, my own heart."

"I mean that I shall undoubtedly fall in love with your sister-in-law. Miss Erwing, and I may ask you to assist me, that is, assist her to fall in love with me."

Adaman's dignity gave symptoms of collapse, and the approach of the unsuspecting Lu, laughing in ner jolly way at some oddity of the camp left only time for Mrs. Erwing to give so much assent as silence implied.

But in the procession that rode three days later into Wild Horse, a station on the same railroad which the party had quitted through the accident in the tunnel, there were six figures on six ponies, and one of the side-by-side pairs was composed of Adaman and Lu. Seriousness and merriment seemed to have mated themselves thus far agreeably. At the front were the bride and bridegroom of this remarkable honeymoon tour, and at the rear came Tom Barlo an

negroes had been taking them, but could find no clew to the thieves. After awhile his hogs began to disappear until at last when he went to call them up none responded to the cry. Next, in the same field from whence the rains had been abstracted, the growing corn crop began to suffer. Bushels of roasting cars disappeared and at last the tracks of some large animal were discovered leading from the corn field to the mysterious depths of the Pocasin. They were the tracks of a huge bear. So much damage was being done to the crops that it was determined to try to find the brute.

Accordingly a party was organized, and away they went following the trail that became more and more indistinct. The Pocasin swamp is interspersed with dry hammocks, like oases in a desert. On, on, through mire and ooze, on through the little shaded islands and back again to swampy ground. At last they reached a large high hammock rising almost like a hill from the mysterious depths of the swamp. Here high and dry they were astonished to discover a great pen, "as large," says the narrator of this singular adventure, "as large as a great house." Upon examination it was found that the pen had been built of the stolen fence rails. Within it were the kidnapped hogs, sieck and fat. Around it in every direction were the tracks of the bear, innumerable in number and the ground well trodden down.

Within the pen were some of the remains of the roasting ears abstracted from Mr. Beal's field. The hunting party were struck with amazement, and sat down around the well-filled pen to try to unravel the mystery. There was but one solution. Every evidence pointed to this one fact: The bear had stolen the planter's fence rails, had built the pen upon the secluded hammock, had stolen his hogs, and then selecting his best shoats, had penned them up, and was fattening them up for winter use upon Mr. Beal's rozsting cars.

THE DRUMMER'S RUSE. A Comedy in Two Acts, in the Wild Down

Bangor Commercial.]

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the countries.

Bangor Commercial.]

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the countries.

Philadelphia Record.!

"You can blame its poor quality and its high price on the pesky flies," said a sun-browned farmer as he unblushingly charged an inexperienced housekeeper a round half dollar for a pound of pale-looking butter yesterday.

"Do you mean to tell me that the cows live on flies?"

"No, but the flies feeds on the cows. Won't let 'em have a minit's peace. Cows do nothin' but stand in clover and switch off flies. They come home at night empty as a bladder. Cows can't chew clover while hundreds of flies and muskeeters is feedin' on 'em, and so we get no milk. Butter'll be bad till the flies go away."

Perhaps It Told the Truth.

Albany Journal.;
The carelessness of the gentleman who wielded the paint brush, and the clear case of oversightedness displayed by the manager, explains why a sign with this inscription was permanently exhibited in a well-known clothing store for several days before being discarded:

THESE PANTS M.

AN ITALIAN STUDY.

Quida Falls Foul of Marion Crawford and Describes the

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ITALY

As They Really Exist Outside of the

PEOPLE WITH COMPLEX CHARACTERS

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Marion Crawford is a writer who has the

Modern Novel.

faculty of interesting his public; it is to be regretted that he is also a writer who too frequently forgets what he owes to preceding writers. In a recent chapter of his story called "St. Ilario," he makes the singular declaration that no foreigner ever understood Italians. It is a statement of audacity, and, I think, wholly without foundation. The incomparable passages of Stendahl rise first of all to the mind; passages in which the Italian mind is turned inside out like a glove, and the Italian character dissected and understood with the most exquisite accuracy. Byron comprehended entirely the Italian temperament; George Sand also, and portrayed it with that accuracy which Mr. Crawford denies to every foreign student of it. Is he so very sure that he himself so perfectly comprehends it? He has certainly continual opportunities to familiarize him-self with it, but I confess that, in my opinion, his portraits of Italians might be Germans, English, Dutch, Spaniards, or anything else that he might be pleased to title them, were it not for the names which he bestows on them, and the local color which surrounds them.

In his story of "Sarracenesco," as in its sequel, "St. Ilario," the characters of the father and son are so little Italian that they resemble rather two fierce taciturn sturdy herren of North Germany, or the 'squires of the Scottish or English borders; they are in nothing whatever Italian, nor is the heroine, the Princess Astrardeve, of the first story, who becomes in the sequel the wife of Sant Ilario, any more Italian either; she is the strictly moral, devout, externally cold person who has so often smothered in her secret soul a hundred romances, and is indeed a very English-like gentlewoman, admirable in all relations of life, but protoundly uninteresting. These three principal personages are Roman by blood, titles and habits; but they convey no sense to the reader that they are more Roman than they are anything else. resemble rather two fierce taciturn sturdy

A COMPLEX CHARACTER. Mr. Crawford implies by his statement that no foreigner writing either in prose or poetry has ever written anything showing any comprehension of them; he has been seriousness and merriment seemed to have mated themselves thus far agreeably. At the front were the bride and bridegroom of this remarkable boneymoon tour, and at the rear came Tom Barlo and the "Gwantan," the idol carrying secretly the gold which the man had as privately set out with from Denver. In that fashion ended the journey off the track.

(THE END.)

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WONDERFULLY CLEVER BEARS.

They Stole a Farmer's Hogs. Penned Them

Up and Fed Them.

Atlanta Constitution...

Out in the oaky woods the wild animals frequently exhibit intelligence to a remarkable degree. One of the largest planters, Mr. J. K. Beal, in going the rounds of his immense plantation noticed that in a field bordering the Pocasin swamp the best rails from his fence had been abstracted. Any rails tiecayed or defective were left, while only the newest and best rails had been taken. This continued for quite a while. The planter supposed that the negroes had been taking them, but could find no clew to the thieves. After awhile his hogs began to disappear until at last when he went to call them up none responded to the cry. satisfied certainly that he stands alone in the

this charme may not, does not, resist disturbance, and disappears even in the highest bred when irritation or apprehension is aroused, yet it softens and enlivens many relations of life, and sweetens and adorus many occasions of intercourse which in other lands would be harsh or ordinary. It is not invariable, but it is frequent,

tercourse which in other lands would be harsh or ordinary. It is not invariable, but it is frequent.

"There are few characters as beautiful as mine in the world. I am good to imbecility," said an Italian to me this year. He was in all appearance a "very simple creature." In fact, he is a man about 45 years old. He has a frank, smilling kind face. He began life as a servant, then became a stuffer of birds, then set up a modest shop of odds and ends of bricabrac. Little by little his shop and his commerce have grown; he has combined with the profitable trade of manufacturing antique objects the still more profitable trade of money lending. He is known to be a strazzino (usurer), but this does not impair his credit. On the contrary, it enhances it. "Ha graun" nome sulla piazza," all his townspeople say in speaking of him. He has purchased lands and houses and theaters. He has utterly ruined numerous families; he is keen as a knife, cruel as a ferret, sharp as a needle, but he says that he is "good to imbecility," and says it with so pleasant a countenance, so frank a good faith, that, if 'Mr. Crawford has the honor of his acquaintance, he undoubtedly classes him as "a very simple creature."

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the country, and the stable man refused to let him one on the ground that he was a stranger. There was much djsoussion over the matter, and finally the drummer said:

"What is your team worth?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Grour hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"If I pay you that sum for it, will you buy it back again when I return?" asked the customer, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he promptly put up the cash. Ten days later he returned, and driving into the stable, he alighted and entered the office, saying, "Well, here is your team, and now I want my money back."

The sum was passed to him and he turned and was leaving the place when the livery man called out, "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team?"

"For what team?" asked the drummer, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back."

"Well, now," drawled the drummer, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back."

"Well, now," drawled the drummer, you aren't fool enough to think that I would pay anybody for the use of my own property, are you?" and he shook the dust of the place from his feet.

NO FLIES ON THE FARMER.

But They Swarm on the Cows and Make Butter Expensive.

Philadelphia Becord.!

"You can blame its poor quality and its high price on the pesky flies," said a sun-browned farmer as be unblushingly charged an inexperienced housekeeper a round half dollar for a pound of pale-looking butter, vesterday.

"Do you mean to tell me that the cows live on fies?"

Italian lends itself conset has belied him be coheat him, and which he has constituted in him be condenting of others. The most conspicuous trait in the lialian character is vanity, if a true woman tell sub of my our only the list of my our eyes, the fault is in proving to make him see his own mustakes, it is in imposition to make him see his wort with his pain to make him see his sown mustakes

COURAGEOUS SOLDIERS.

The courage which Italian troops show in flood, in fire and in pestilence is remarkable, the more so that these troops are almost wholly made up of reluctant conscripts, young men whose hearts are with the homes from which they have been torn, poor soldiers, ill-paid, ill-freated, and, for the most part, bitter enemies of their officers and of their service. These soldiers have little or no inducement to do well: when they have served their time they go back to their original labor or trade. The do well: when they have served their time they go back to their original labor or trade. The emoluments of even the higher military grades are so miserable that an Italian Colonel is paid less than an English butier. The soldiers are marched and counter-marched till they drop. When allowed the luxury of the railway they are put in cattle trucks. They have intolerable rations. They are clothed with no regard to season or climate. They are shot at attempt at any insubordination. There is not one in a thousand that serves willingly. Yet in times of choiers, of cartiquake, when Po and Brenta break their banks, or Ætna or Vesuvius overwhelm smilling fields and fruitful vineyards, these youths display a courage far finer than the courage shown in battle, because a courage

unsustained by any excitement and unstimulated by any hope of recognition or reward.

Of mental courage he has, usually speaking, not a shred; he will never admit that he has said anything which is likely to get him into any sort of trouble or opprobrium, and this kind of timidity is fostered by the absurd laws of libel, which punish any form of truth telling, however sincere, justified or proven, as if it were a malignant calumny.

On the other hand, of moral courage no Italian has any possession or knowledge. If here and there one he endowed with this rare quality he is regarded by his fellows as a madman; while any impersonal feeling for an idea is viewed as a mild but hopeless form of insanity. An Italian cannot bear to be in the minority, or to differ from those about him in such a manner as to appear singular. He is quarreisome, easily irritated, easily offended, morbidly alive to slights, and what is called in French processionnaire, litigious about small things, especially if these small things represent any sum, however trifling, of money. But of all these traits, and many others which demand longer analysis and definition than can be given here, Mr. Crawford, who thinks that no foreigner except himself has ever understood Italians, presents but few features in his Italian portraits. He has seen the debars, the domino, the surface, the smile of "the good simple creature," and has rarely looked further.

COURTEOUS BUT UNTRUTHFUL. The Italians, so fortunate in so much, have been unfortunate in one thing, i. e., that their critics and admirers land them for qualities which they do not possess, and deny to them qualities which they do possess. With the English people falsehood is considered, nominally, as a great sin, but rudeness and offensiveness are considered sincerity. With the Italian falsehood is looked on as venial, nay, advisable; but politeness and good nature are deemed as a great sin, but rudeness and offensivehess are considered sincerity. With the Italian falsehood is looked on as venial, nay, advisable; but politeness and good nature are deemed necessities. It is, no doubt, best to live with Italians as wise diplomatists live with one another, that is to say, on terms of cordiality and courtesy, but sans se fier trop, sans se livrer jamais. They are not frank themselves, and they have a profound contempt for frankness; they never wholly reveal themselves, and they have a profound contempt for frankness; they never wholly reveal themselves, and they esteem you a fool if you so reveal yourself, or they think that you have some deeply-concealed and extremely base personal motive for doing so. On the other hand, they are constantly hurt and irritated by the want of politeness and tact which Northern people so conspicuously display. The rage of an Italian must be at the whitest of white heats before he will so far forget himself as to say an uncivil thing. Even when his actions are brutal his speech will usually still remain courteous. The inattention, slovenliness and roughness which are the fashion in English manners, and, alasi are becoming so in French manners, appall and offend the Italian, and appear to him barbaric and intolerable.

The jerk of the head in greeting, the brusque, curt, indifferent speeches, the inattention to women, the trampling on all etiquette, and the blunt expressions of personal opinion, in season and out of season, which are characteristic of the English manners, are, to the Italian, so many marks of absolute uncivilized boorishness, and he sees with amazement that anyone of his peasant women will courtesy better than nine out of ten Northern ladies of fashion. That an Englishman sits in the presence of women with one leg thrown over the knee of the other leg seems to the Italian the most ill-bred vulgarity. A great and lamentable mania for imitating English, Americans, and Germans in their worst points is, unappily, on the increase with every year

THE PERFECTION OF MANNERS. Manners are nearer perfection in Italy than Manners are nearer perfection in Italy than anywhere else. Here the "grand air" still exists, and is so entirely natural that it is as delightful as it is elegant. Unhappily the traveler sees little or nothing of this, for with the aristocracy he has no intercourse, and the peasantry he does not see; whilst what he does see constantly is that meza-caca or bourgeoist who fill the streets; shopkeepers, clerks, business men of all sorts, who are at all times the worst mannered of all nations, and who in Italy, by their mitation of Germans and Americans, by their adoption of ways and tones, costume and manners of the brusque, inelegant, slovenly, peevish modern type, do great injustice to the Italian nation, which by tens of thousands of travelers they are considered to represent.

Germany may or may not be a valuable ally to Italy; she may be the big brother, who honestly protects the little one, or she may be the monkey who uses the cat to get her chestnuts. But whatever the political issues of the Italian submission to Germany, there is no question that the Italian initation of German manners and customs has had a mose disastrous effect on the Italian initation of German manners and customs has had a mose disastrous effect on the Italian initation and the Italian civil service; and has made them ashamed of their own natural good nature, courtesy and pliability, and has made them dogmatic, rude, and interfering to a degree singularly unbecoming to them, and anywhere else. Here the "grand air" still ex-

vice; and has made them ashamed of their own natural good nature, courtesy and pliability, and has made them dogmatic, rude, and interfering to a degree singularly unbecoming to them, and wearying to the general public. As the pot-hat and the ulster are to their persons, so is this new and unfitting fashion to their manners. It has even touched and invaded a higher class; and the young Italian prince, with his sporting clothes and jargon, his, bigeon shooting, his absinthe drinking, his crize for club life, his imitation of Loudon mashers and Paris paneurs, is a very inferior being to his father; gracious, stately, elegant, living a dignified life in his own palaces and country houses, and taking a paternal interest in all his dependents and peasantry. peasantry.

SHARPSHOOTING PISH. Curious Piscatorial Specimens Found by Dr.

curious Piscuterial Specimens Found by Dr. pleas the still meaning antique objects the still meaning the service. On the contrary, it enhances it. "Ha graun" nome suila piazza," all hat townspeople say in speaking of him. He has purchased lands and houses and theaters. He has utterly ruined numerous families; he is keen as a knife, cruel he is "good to imbeediity" and says it with a pleasant a countenance, so frank a good faith, that, if "Mr. Crawford has the honor of his acquaintance, he undoubtedly classes him as "a very simple creature."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Mr. Crawford urges in favor of their simplicity that one Italian can cheat another. Undoubtedly. A more ingenious schemer will always be able to entangle a less ingenious schemer, and success in schemine, like success in other matters, depends on the extent of the intelligence employed. In no two persons is the intelligence employed. In no two persons is the intelligence employed, and the Italian proverb recognizes this when it says that to do good business there must be two, as mirnchione e un furbo—d. c., a fool and a knawe.

Moreover, the overweening vanity of the Italian elastic constantly to his destruction; he is convinced that no one can cheat him, and this blind bellef in himself causes a fartility which makes him frequently a prey to the cumuning of others. The most conspiences trait in the Italian character is vanity. If a woman tells him he may call on her he is a pi immediately to believe that she offers him the tenderest rendervous. It is impossible to make him see his own mustakes, or any inferiority of any kind in himself, and, if it be not so also in you know the source of the contract of the saber, is the common form of duel cannot, it is the intelligent factor in European and, if it be not so also in you know the sum of the saber, is the common form of duel cannot be very cowardly. It is expected the same that the sum of the saber, is the common form of duel cannot be very cowardly. It is the contract of the saber, is the common form Meister in Slam.

A TETE-A-TETE INTERRUPTED. A Parrot Surprises Two Lovers by Some Impolite Remarks.

Detroit Free Press.1 A Henry street girl and a Cass avenue yo man were standing on a corner at the inter-section of two streets the other night waiting

section of two streets the other night waiting for a car.

"You never looked as well in your life before, Clara," said the young man in a tender tone. He spoke low and only for the ear of his companion, but immediately a loud voice responded:

"Rats!"

The youth felt highly insulted, and turned round to chastise the party who ha! spoken but the girl soothed him and said it wasn't meant for them, and he caimed down.

"That car isn't in sight yet," he said. "Tell me you love me Clara, as much as I..."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried the unseen party.

"I'll brain him," shouled the angered lover. brandishing his cane.

"You're a rascal." called a hoarse voice, and as a piece of cracker fell on the lover's head he looked up and saw the Vlendome parrot in her caye above. They take the other corner now. Rata!

Thought He Had a Sure Thing.

Holyoke Democrat.]

A Holyoke butcher has been paying attention to a young lady at South Holyoke. His affection was apparently reciprocated for he never left of an evening but that she hung upon his coat tails to detain him for one more kiss. He thought he had a sure thing. But no, another man came along and married her the other day, and now one thore discousolate has lost faith in woman. Thought He Had a Sure Thing.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

The Bible a Library, Rich in History, Poetry and Prophecy.

HELPFUL TO EVERY READER.

How One Should Read it in Order to Derive the Greatest Benefit.

SIXTY-SIX VOLUMES IN ONE BOOK

CWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. There are a great many possible answers to the question, "What is the Bible?" The question is not a very long one; there are only four words in it. But the answers are so many and so long that it would take four

question is not a very long one; there are only four words in it. But the answers are so many and so long that it would take four large volumes to contain them; yes, even four pretty good-sized libraries. I ask you to think of only one of the many answers to this question. Concerning the profound subject of revelation and inspiration I have at present nothing to say. Concerning even the interesting subject of biblical criticism which Dr. Wace and Prof. Huxley have of late been discussing in the pages of the which Dr. Wace and Prof. Huxley have of late been discussing in the pages of the Nineteenth Century I have nothing to say. The one answer to which I desire to call your attention is this: The Bible is a library.

Now, the word "hible" means book; and the Bible is a book in one sense—in the book-seller's sense. In the literary sense the Bible is a book in one sense—in the Bible is a book of the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved that every letter of the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved the word of the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved the word of the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved the word of the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved the word of the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved the word was a book. Book is the Bible is a library, if the Bible was equally sacred, no matter where it was, a theory which our leaved the word was a book. Book is the same the Bible was equally interval of more than 1,500 years. That is a space as long as from the days of King Alfred to the days of Queen Victoria. Select now out of English literature 66 volumes, beginning with the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" by way of history, including portions of the poetry of Chaucer, Bacon and Shakespeare, and closing, by way of prophecy or preaching, with the sermons of Frederick Robertson and Phillips Brooks. Bind these all into one volume, and you will have a collection of writings corresponding in 50ne sense to the Bible. The

THIS SCRIPTURE LIBRARY were written by very different writers; one by a great statesman; another by a great General; another by a great King; another by a

a great statesman; another by a great General; another by a great King; another by a poor man; still another by a poor man who earned his money by catching fish; some by priests; some by preachers; one by a skeptic; many by writers who names are altogether unknown. The books were written in many different places—one in the far East beside the River Chebar; another in the West beside the River Chebar; another in the West beside the River Tiber; many in the little province of Palestine; others in the classic lands of Greece and Rome.

The books were written at many different times—an interval, as I said of more than 1,500 years between the first and the last of them. That is a long space. That is time for great changes of opinion. That is time enough for men to grow a great deal deal, to learn a great deal.

The books were written in many different manners. We are familiar, all of us, with the great division between them, putting them into two parts, corresponding to the two great divisions of history—the birth of Christ at the center, some before Him, some after Him—called the two Testaments. The word testament means a covenant, and the word covenant expresses a relation—a relation with God. Some of these books were written in the old days when men were under a certain relation with God, others in the latter days, wherein men are brought into a closer relation with God through the revelation and ministry of Jesus Christ, His Son. Besides THESE GREAT DIVISIONS

are many subdivisions. The Old Testament, for example, falls into three distinct parts. It is made up of three distinct kinds of writing—inch of 6 feet long. His hair, unkempt and history, poetry and prophecy. The record begins with history. After a recounting of the Hebrew story of Creation and of the great ugly picture. Until a few silver pieces were Hebrew story of Creation and of the great to catastrophe of the Deluge, national history begins with an account of the emigration of the great forefather, Abraham, of his settlement in Canaan, of the going down of his family into Egypt. The story of their bondage there is told, and of their deliverance out of it under the leadership of Moses. It is recorded how they wandered in the Wilderness until they came to the borders of the Land of Promise. This is the contents of the first five books of the Old Testament. Then follows the book of Joshua, describing their conquests of the Land of Canaan, and, in the latter part, the doom's day book of Hebrew Herrature, a description of the distribution of the land among the chiefs of the conquering tribes. The book of Judges follows, recounting the days of anarchy, which very naturally set in.

In the books of Samuel, and Kings and Chronicles, we have an account of the rise of the monarchy; Saul its first king, David the second, Solomon the third, then after Solomon the great civil war, causing a separation of the kingdom into two parts; at last, the coming down of the great powers of the East, carrying away first the northern portion and then the southern into captivity.

The books of Ezra and Nehemiah recount the return of these exiled Jews into their own land again.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE. Then follows poetry. And this poetry is just as genuine poetry as the other is history. Jew-ish history is just as much history as Macau-lay's "History of England." Jewish poetry is just as much poetry as Milton's "Paradise Lost." It is not in rhyme, it is not in metre, but it is in a form which was just as poetical to the. Hebrews as these melodious forms are poetical to us. The poetry begins with the Book of Job, a great drama, just as truly dramatic in its feeling and form as the plays of Shakespeare. The drama of human destiny, the Hebrew answer to the great problem which has perplexed man from the beginning, the problem of the meaning of pain. Next the Book of Psalms, the great hymn-book of the Jewish people, and this in five volumes. When you read the psalms, and come to one which ends with a particularly jubilant burst of alleibilas, as at the end of the forty-first and the end of the seventy-second, you may know that you are at the last of one of these five volumes. Some of these psalms were written by David, some by others whose names we know; many by persons wholly unknown. After all, what difference does it make about the knowing of the author's name? What difference does it make whether the plays of Shakespeare were written by Shakespeare or by Banon?

The settling of that question one way or another, or the leaving of it out unsettled, has no effect whatever upon the value of those plays. The book of Proverbs is didactic poetry. Ecclesiastes is the soliloquy of a skeptic. Canticles is a love story in the shape of a cantatal.

THE BOOKS OF THE PROPHETS.

Prophecy follows poetry. Prophecy is taken Prophecy follows poetry. Prophecy is taken to-day in a very limited sense, to mean prediction. Prophecy does sometimes mean fore-telling. But more often in the Holy Scriptures it means foretelling. A prophet is a man who speaks for God, or forth-telling. The prophet is the man who utters forth the truth that burns within his heart. Prophecy accordingly is preaching. is the man who utters forth the truth that burns within his heart. Prophecy accordingly is preaching.

The last 16 books of the Old Testament are books of 88 mons. Four of them, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, we call the major prophets, or the greater, simply because these books are longer. The others we call the minor prophets, or the greater, simply because these books are longer. The others we call the minor prophets. The prophets were the Hebrew preachers, who uttered such strong, true, helpful sermons that people could not forget them. Such was the impression that they made that they lingered for centuries in the memory of the race. After this diverse manner is the Old Testament constructed—history and poetry and prophecy, History is the account of what men have done, poetry the record of what men have thought, prophecy the teaching of what men ought to do and ought to think.

We come to the New Testament, and here is the same diversity of manner. The New Testament begins with history. Here are four biographies of the founder of the Church. Here are letters written by eminent men—St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, St. Johnsome of them to churcher, some to individuals, some to the Christian Church at large. Here at the end is the singular book, part poetry, part prespect, the Book of the Revelation of St. John.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

SURVIVAL OF THE PITTEST. Now, how came these 65 books to be combined into this library? How came they to come down to us to-day-just these books and no others? How do we come to have them? The answer is a very simple one. The whole secret is in the familiar phrase, "Survival of the fittest." These books have lasted, just as the great classics have lasted in all literature. There were hundreds of poets in the days of

Milton, but we remember Milton. There were Milton, but we remember Milton. There were scores of biographies of Christ. St. Luke himself, at the beginning of his gospel, tells us that many had taken in hand to set forth a recital of what the ford had said and done; but four of them all have survived, because these four were best. Thus has this library, the Bible,

four were best. Thus has this library, the Bible, come to us.

The Bible is a library. But what is the use of emphasizing that fact? What is the practical meaning of it? Why, this first of all: This knowledge of the character of the Bible is a defense against ignorant criticism of it. The Bible being a library, being composed of different books, written by different men, in different places, at different times, and after different manners, stands each book by itself. Each book must be criticised by itself; each book stands or falls alone. Suppose it were possible to prove that four books of the Old Testament are utterly false from beginning to end, what effect would that have upon our estimate of the Gospel of St. John? It would have just as much to do with the Gospel of St. John as the discovery of a mistake in the Angle-Saxon Chronicles would have to do with the sermons of Frederick Robertson, and no more.

as a library will also affect our reading of it.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S SWEETHEART. How Lord Fife Distinguished Himself While in This Country. New York World.1

The Thane of Fife is no stranger to New York, for he paid a visit to this city in 1876, and so well did he use his time that he could even now give points to knowing New Yorkers. He was accompanied by Mr. Timpson, of the Lou-don Times, and was the guest of the popular don Times, and was the guest of the popular Ned Sothern, the actor, at the Gramercy.

Being an ardent follower of the turf, a pastime in which his immense fortune permits him to indulge with impunity, no visit to New York would have been complete without a trip to the Jerome Park races, whither he went on the box-seat of Colonel Kane's tally-ho coach. The Scotchman has the reputation of being able to pick out winners on his native heath, but on this occasion his usual good fortune did not attend him, as he managed to drop a considerable sum by backing losers.

A yacht was placed at his disposal, in which he made excursions down the beautiful bay to

he made excursions down the beautiful bay to the lightship and other places of interest, de-lighting the merry party on board with racy reminiscences of royal adventures in which he had taken part. He excited considerable ad-miration by the skill he displayed in making

A STRANGE HUMAN BEING. A Wild Man Whose Ancestors Were Kings and His Queer Habits.

Savannah News.l The Douglas county wild man has been seen during the past few weeks at Douglasville. He came into the town armed with a club every inch of 6 feet long. His hair, unkempt and coarse, falls to his waist, and a stubby heard

handed him he refused to talk. When they were given him he told those around that he lived on berries and caught fish from the streams with his hand, which he ate without cooking. He never ate bread. He speaks French, German, Greek and Latin imperfectly, and Irish fluently. He says his forefathers were great kings in Ireland, and that now he is the rightful helr to that kingdom.

When asked his name he giared at his questioner, fingering his club nervously, making no reply. He does not believe in God, heaven, hell or hereafter. His clothing is curious. He wears but one garment—a sort of gown of jute bagging—wrapped around the body, fastened in front with thorns. It is ted over his shoulders and above his knees with bark strings. He is a weird-looking fellow. No one knows his history.

MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN.

Strangers' Kindness and Care for a Helpless Invalid.

Agentleman was recently telling me of the great kindness with which he was treated in a journey from New York to Chicago. He is unable to walk. He said: "That journey knocked all my ideas as to the total depravity of man into atoms. By reason of a fog which delayed the ferryboat. I was late," he said, "in reaching the depot in Jersey City. The train was for the train to leave. The conductor saw the two men carrying me and evidently hurrying. He motioned to us not to hurry. As they were putting me into the car, he said: There is no need for haste, you shall have all the time you

need for haste, you shall have all the time you want."

"Such courtesies as the brakemen and conductors showed me for the thousand miles! They carried me in their arms, for we made the trip cover several days; they stopped the train at the station at a point most convenient for me; they somehow got me the lower berths when yet the first message was that the lower berths were all taken. In fact, if I had been the President I could hardly have been treated better." Yes, I said, humanity is kind to humanity when humanity is in need.

TOO SMALL FOR PLIES TO SEE. A Scotchman's Witty Reply to the Little Man Who Employed Him.

Scottish American.) A somewhat dwarfish sportsman from London was out shooting on the moors in the High lands accompanied by a ghillie, who by his stalwart proportions presented a singular contrast to his employer. The midget pestered Donald sorely, and the sportsman, wishing to take a rise out of his man, remarked:

"How is it, Donald, that these insects annoy you so much, and never interfere with me?"

"Ay, weel, sir," replied Donald, looking down at the pigmy specimen of the aristocracy before him, "I'm thinkin", sir, that mebbe they hinna noticed you yet."

The Emperor's Unlucky Stars.

Philadelphia Times. Philadelphia Times. J

The Emperor of China is anxious to encourage the building of railroads in his kingdom, but he is surrounded by many obstacles. His priests, astrologers and advisers of various kinds are afraid of Western civilization, and they employ all manner of devices to keep the young potentate trom acting in a progressive way. The astrologers never find the stars favorable to the granting of a railroad franchise.



(The young lady on the right has just bee giving an account of what she had to eat at the Sunday school pienie.) Em'ly (the young lady in the center).
Oh, Jennie, do tell us about the chicke salad agin!—Life,